The Bystander, January 5, 1921. No. 892. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

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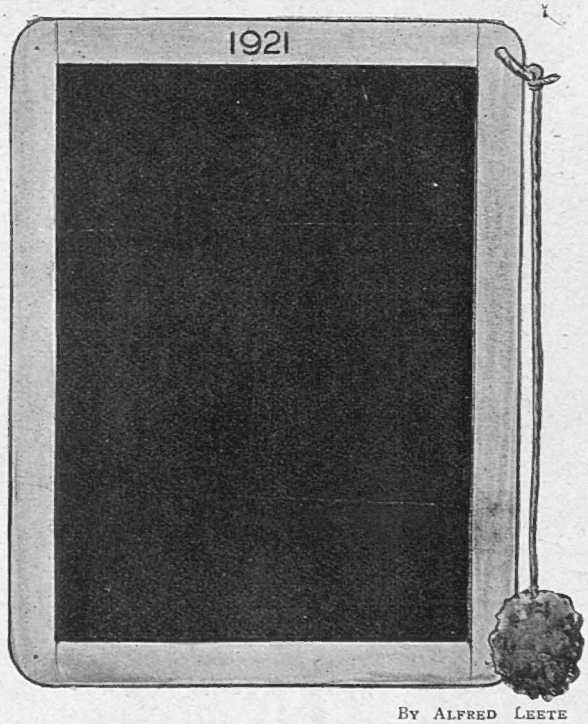
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Night Clubs

THE tragic deaths of "Babs" Taylor and Miss Hallye Whatley within a few days of each other has drawn attention to our night clubs. I fancy there are far fewer of them than when I first knew the West End. Six-and-twenty years ago, for instance, there were three night clubs in Lower Regent Street alone, while the vanished Hotel Continental did a good business till half-past twelve. To-day none of these places get the long drinking hours they did. The notoriety achieved by some of the frequenters to-day arises not from drink, but from drugs, which, of course, they do not get in the clubs, but procure outside. Synthetic chemistry has much to answer for.

The Naval Disputes

SAILORS used to be regarded as the soul of cheeriness, but the violent dispute over the type of ships we shall have to build, following close on the heels of the differences of opinion on Jutland, suggest that we must revise our opinion. Naval questions are a matter of life and death with certain types of young men, both inside and outside the Navy. I find a growing feeling among those adverse from the "capital ship" and on the lines of Sir Percy Scott's vigorous denunciations of the monster. When Parliament reassembles you may expect to hear some very impassioned speaking on the whole question, for the protagonists of the rival patriots are very cocksure people.



By Alfred Leete

WHAT WILL *YOU* WRITE ON IT?

The Cinema Slump

ALTHOUGH some of our film financiers have been vigorously denying that the reduction of American producing staffs by 5,000 hands means a slump in cinema seeing, the more astute manipulators are not without anxiety. As a matter of fact, producers have not even yet made up their minds what not to produce, although they do not do Shakespeare on the scale they once attempted. When you tackle *Othello*, for instance, you reduce it to a sordid story of a black man and a white woman. It is Shakespeare's literary power and not his plot which makes the play a masterpiece.

Sound *v.* Sight

THE crux of the screen lies in this, that you cannot transmute sound into sight, any more than you can repeat the Lord's Prayer in the terms of algebra. That seems quite elementary, but the screen men are constantly attempting the impossible conversion; hence their recourse to those long "captions," between the "pictures," which bore me to death to have to worry out. The elimination, in turn, limits the function of the film, and that is bound to affect audiences, reducing them to the younger and more childish portions of every community.

Film *v.* Footlight

OF this I am sure: the film will never kill the footlights—if the fare there is only attractive. It isn't so much that we miss the voice—what film, for instance, could give us "The quality of mercy is not strained"? True Italian pantomime of *L'Enfant Prodigue* type has no sound; but then you have living, human movement, varying from moment to moment and from night to night. After all, the screen is a machine, no doubt a marvellous machine, but only a machine even at its very best. It lacks the human touch.

Good-bye 1920!

ANOTHER year has been added to the past, and I suppose that most of us have been treated to the time-honoured reflections that this annual event inspires. Some of these are all right in their way, and even if they will not do us much good, they will do us no harm. But there is one way of looking at the end of a year in which I absolutely refuse to join. There are people who insist upon regarding it as something sad. No matter what sort of a year it has been, these good folk ask us to regret that it is over. If it has been a good, happy, and prosperous year one can understand a certain type of mind regretting its completion. This is, of course, false sentiment and false logic. Whatever sort of a year it has been, it is a good job that it is over.

Glad It Is Over?

THE false-sentimentalist, without waiting to analyse his reasons for mourning over the death of the old year, will probably say that such a view as mine is pessimistic. On the contrary, it is the view

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

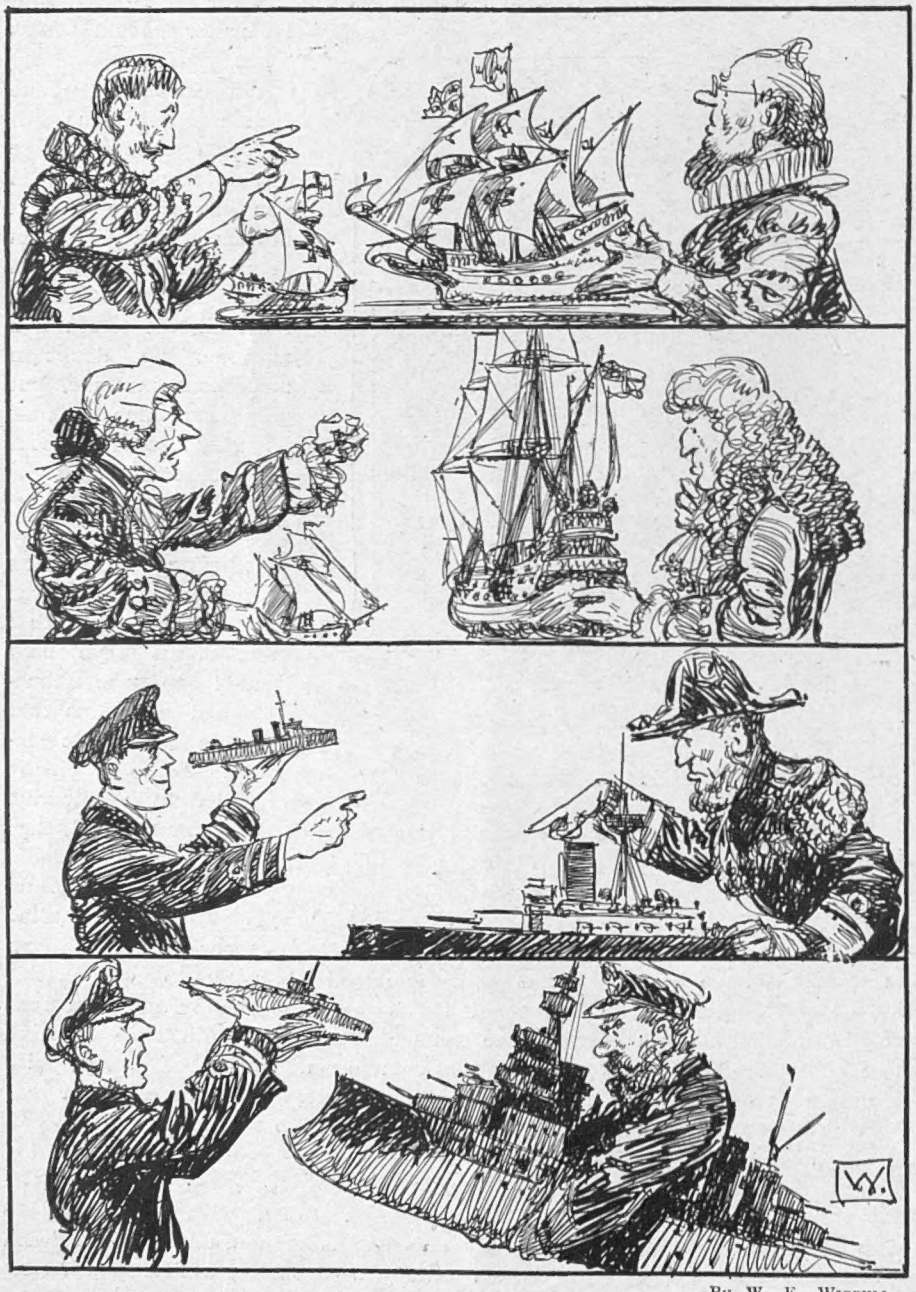
of the optimist. His is that of the pessimist. Without being in the least disrespectful to this last old year, without crowing over it in the spirit of "Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring out the false, ring in the true," I maintain that we may with perfect propriety rejoice that 1920 has gone to join 1919. As a matter of fact, 1920 was a pretty bad lot take him all round. But that has nothing to do with my contention. Even if 1920 had been a year replete with blessings, we should still be content to see its end. Good year or bad year, the reason is exactly the same for us to be glad it is over. The reason is, of course, that a year which is ended cannot come again.

No Regrets

THE illogical will probably not see the argument at once. It is quite simple. Whether we like it or not, we are mortal. Our time on earth is strictly limited. To regret the passing away of that time may be very natural and human. It may also be a little impious—I leave that to the moralists. But I am sure that it is very foolish. What's the use of regretting the inevitable? A cubist might as well cry because the earth is round. You cannot have your cake *and* eat it. Being mortal, then, let us accept our lot cheerfully, and be glad at the passage of every year. If it has been a bad year, we can be glad that we are through with it. It cannot come over again—we have finished for ever with so much of the bad time that may reasonably be expected in every life. If it has been a good year, the same reasoning applies. Although we cannot have it over again, no one can take it off us. So much of our life has been to the good, and is so, irrevocably. Surely this is something to be glad about! To mourn over the passing of a year, good or bad, is simply to kick against the fact of our mortality.

G. K. C. Off to America

I SEE that Mr. G. K. Chesterton is about to pay his first visit to the United States. I am afraid that both parties will be rather disappointed—not, let me hasten to add, in essentials. Mr. Chesterton has had a great following in America for many years. About eighteen or twenty years ago I found that young men in particular held him in the highest esteem as a thinker, and considered that he was not sufficiently appreciated in England. Mr. Chesterton will not disappoint his admirers as a philosopher. But I feel sure that his personal appearance will be a great disappointment to them. In a paragraph before me I read, "Photographs of G.K.C. as a Dickensian character, or as Dr. Samuel Johnson are very popular with American newspapers." Quite so.



STILL ARGUING!

By W. E. Wigfull

Will U.S. be Disappointed?

THE first time I saw G.K.C. I recognised him at once. He was sitting on a chair or stool, no scrap of which was visible, in a hostelry mentioned by Dickens. He wore a voluminous cloak and a slouch hat. He was immense, Titanic, Homeric. But he has fallen away. He is a tall and portly gentleman, beaming with kindly humour. But the G.K.C. of the photographs, I have seen one or

(Continued on page 10)

Precautionary Measures

BY E. T. REED

ANOTHER OF 'EM!

DAVID: "Look you, my young friend! Inteet I ho-pe you are no rela-tion to your prede-cess-or! He wass playing the miss-chief with effery-pody—yess, yess! We haf just thrown him out of the win-dow!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

two this week, no longer exists. It's a great pity and, I fear, will disappoint his American admirers. I'm sure Mr. Chesterton will be disappointed in the American beer. Even in these days we think that beer is beer anyway. But it is not in America. Our most governmental of Government brews is, I am assured, a generous liquor compared with that which is legal in the United States. Both G.K.C. and the beer are too thin.

D.O.R.A. Again

THE Government of Quebec, a Province that has not gone "dry," is resolved, says a telegram to the *Times*, that "decent liquor shall be sold at moderate prices, and that it shall be lawful to brew decent beer." That would be a splendid New Year's resolution for our Government. They might add a few other little things. The other night I gave a man a packet of ten gaspers. His gratitude was pathetic. He had plenty of money, but his club was closed, he had failed to persuade any place to break the law, and he was craving for a smoke. It was 8.30 p.m. I forget the particular danger there was in war-time in selling tobacco after 8 p.m., but I refuse to believe that the safety of the country would have been imperilled if my friend could have spent sixpence, or even a shilling, on a packet of gaspers.

By Fred Buchanan

"FORCE MAJEURE"

Uncle Sam: "Say,—I'm all out to carry the vote of this country"

The New Coinage

THE New Year is to be congratulated on just having escaped being responsible for the new coinage. I do not like to speak disrespectfully of any coin these days. But what can one say about these? We expected counters, but these are merely counterfeits, and bad at that. The Germans even have done better. In Dresden they have issued a china coin, which is expected to be more valuable as a souvenir than as currency. I cannot imagine anyone giving more than its face value for one of our new coins as a work of art. Still, in spite of their shocking appearance, feel, and sound, I shall refuse none. And, after all, they are in keeping with much that they will have to purchase in these sad times.

"Delicacy of Feeling"

CERTAIN Labour leaders are announced to have stated that "Socialism is the only real remedy for unemployment." If it means £2 per week—a hundred a year—for doing nothing, then I doubt very much if even that uncertain and hitherto untried system would stand the strain. Anyway, it is something to the good that the said Labour leaders have been so kind as to substitute the word "Socialism" for "Bolshevism." Not that they mean very different things these days, but the substitution does show a little—what shall I say — "delicacy of feeling"?

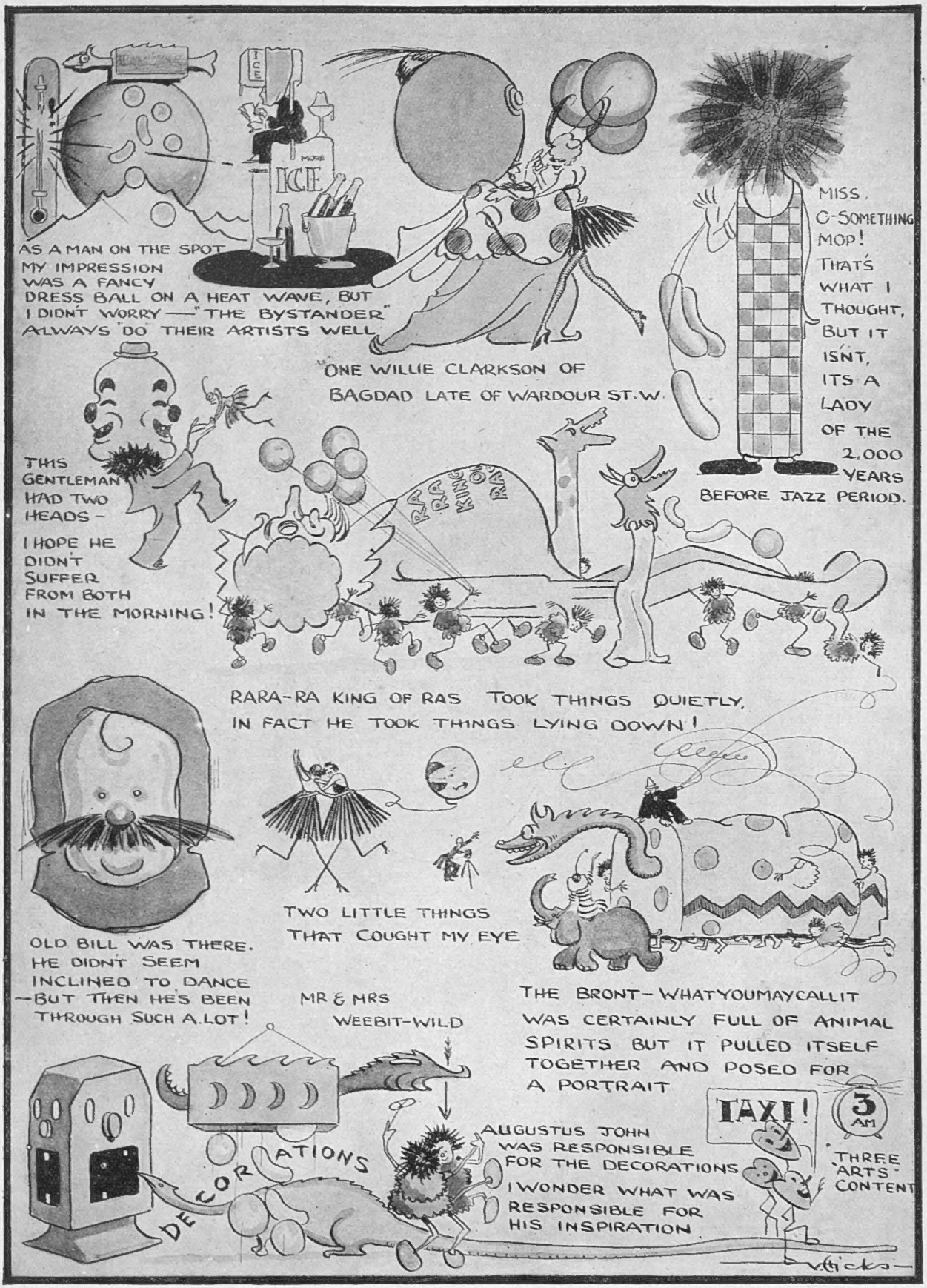
Unemployment

THE present state of trade has been leading to some extraordinary positions, I hear, in some quarters. For instance, I am told that at one large factory in the Midlands works managers have been rightly preaching "production" to the top of their bent for the past year. The result is that they now have in hand many weeks of stock unsold — and men must consequently be sacked. The local Labour leaders, of course, seize upon this fact as an argument for "ca'canny," not having the intelligence to see that if the rest of the world of labour could be persuaded to work as the men of this factory have been working the unemployed problem would be solved to-morrow. But because there is short production in some trades the others are penalised. "Production," not "Socialism," is the solution of the Unemployment problem—only it must be production on a big scale among all classes of workers.

Good-bye—to the British Brigadier!

I AM sorry about the good old rank of Brigadier. It is now no more, except for those in retirement, so there is little more to be said, but to express sorrow on behalf of the mourners—especially the writers of light comedy, and the retailers of amusing stories. For the Brigadier has so long been a delightful figure of fun upon the stage and in the yarns of after-dinner speakers that I feel sure we shall all miss him. A "Colonel-Commandant" is a poor substitute. In fact I don't think he will do at all. He is a severe person, redolent, somehow, of hospitals, chloroform, and medical history sheets. Suave and calm, with a jaw like a mouse-trap, I cannot imagine him ever making a joke or providing the means for anybody else to make one. "Colonel-on-the-Staff" might do better—but it's a clumsy name. No: we shall have to find somebody else to take over the rubicund complexion, white whiskers, and pepper-*cum*-kindliness of our old favourite.

Prehistoric and Fanjazztic



BY VICTOR HICKS

IMPRESSIONS AT THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL

A gay pageant of the Palæolithic age, when man disputed with the end of a tree trunk, and woman did not argue —much. The Albert Hall last week was a memorable sight, if only for the fact that half the hearth-rugs in London seemed to have been borrowed for somebody else's back

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

New Tricks in Old Brains

SMALL as most Christmas parties have been this year in country houses, the old-time spirit of ragging—as much a part of Xmas as the pudding, holly, and mince-pie—has not been absent. Once, ragging was confined entirely to the young folk, but since grandmothers have taken to wearing short frocks, and grandfathers may be seen in restaurants dancing between the courses, quite elderly folk have taken to playing upon one another the sprightly tricks of their youth.

Salt in one's bed; the ends of pyjama legs and sleeves sewn tightly with double thread; treacle on one's hair-brushes, all pale into feebleness before the invention of a grandmother in one country house this Christmas. Each guest, male and female, young and aged, when they retired for the night found reposing upon their bed a saucer bath filled exactly to the brim with water. How to begin to dip the water out of the bath without deluging the bed was the problem, a problem, which, I believe, nobody solved successfully.

One dame, after ringing vainly for her maid, did not even attempt one single dip, but, wrapping herself in a fur cloak, spent the night upon a sofa in front of the fire. A young man from Oxford, who is taking up science, having learnt that water always finds its own level, hit upon the brilliant idea of dipping his tooth glass into the centre of the bath. By this means he prevented the water slipping over the sides of the bath. But when he had reduced the perilous level at the edges, growing weary of dipping, he lifted the bath, intending to put it on the floor. Man proposed; the bath disposed. Water *does* find its own level. He had gripped the bath well, but not wisely, and what remained in it fell in a pretty cascade plump in the middle of his bed. Where he spent the night is not recorded.

Photograph *Yevonde*

A BEAUTIFUL STUDY

A charming portrait of Lady Diana Somerset, the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. Lady Diana is still suffering from the effects of a nasty fall while out with her father's hounds recently

Photograph *Central News*

WEDDING OF LADY DRAMATIST AND K.C.

At Rivenhall Parish Church last week the wedding of Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald, K.C., grandson of the late Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard, Bart., and Miss Christina Bradhurst took place. The bride has written several very clever plays

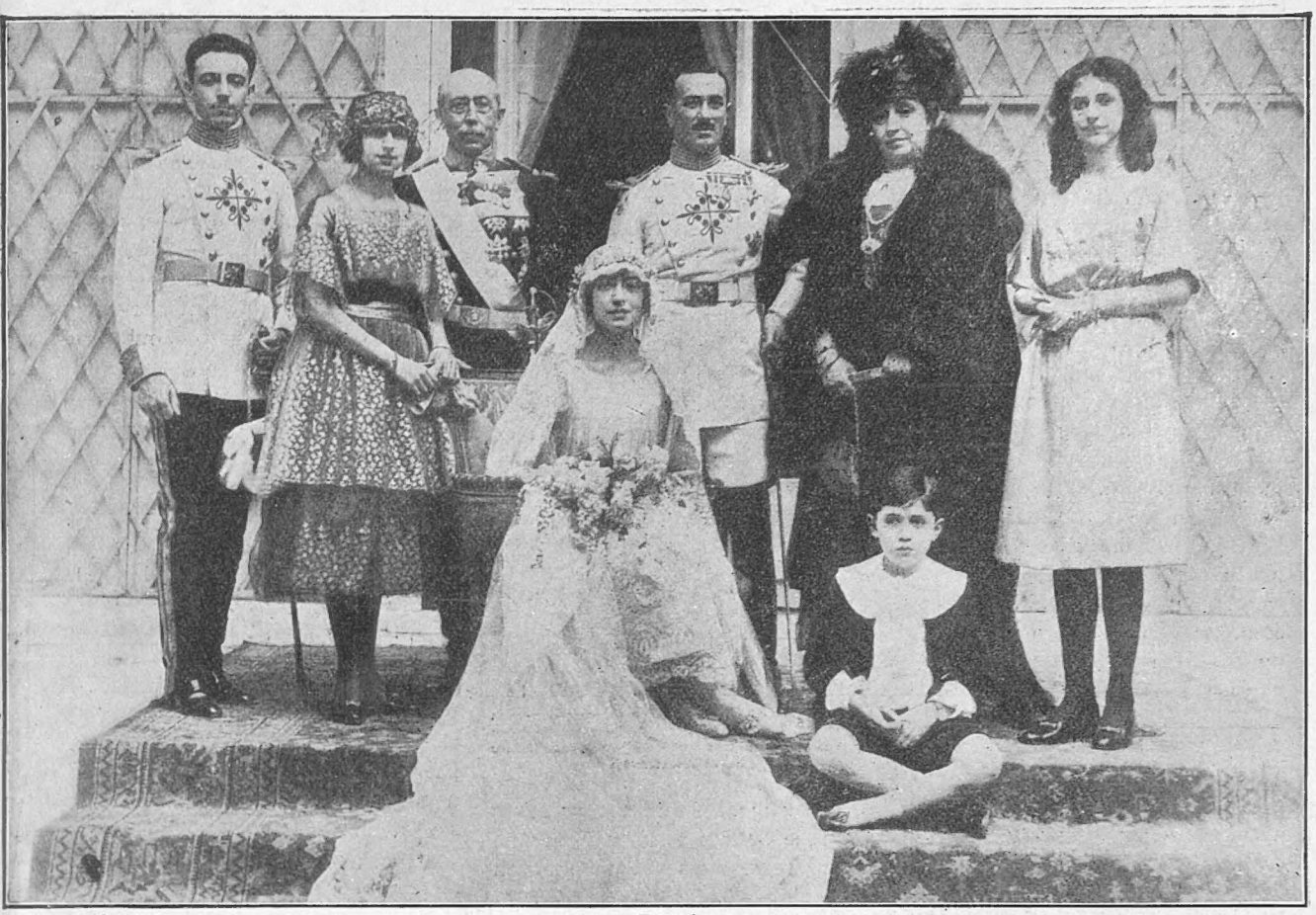
A True "Ghost" Story

I HAVE the following story from a friend. He was invited to stay at a castle, one of whose claims to a place in the history books is that it was the scene several centuries ago of the murder of a king. The room allotted to him was none other than that in which tradition declares the murder took place.

The room was lofty, with raftered ceiling, and a great open fireplace with a stone canopy above it. For three nights my friend slept undisturbed. The room behaved exactly like all other rooms. But on the fourth night he received a shock. He was lying in bed reading. Suddenly a strange sound rang through the room—a moan as of someone in pain. It came again and again. Then there was a silence.

His first thought was that someone in an adjoining room was ill. But a careful examination of the King's Chamber showed there was no door or communication through its twelve foot thick stone walls with any other apartment. Then he thought it might be one of the many dogs of the house hidden under his bed or in agony upon the staircase. Nothing was beneath the bed, and exploring the circular turret stair, both up and down, he found nothing but cold stone.

He admitted to me that now he began to feel uneasy, wondering if after all, he had heard the death-gasps of the long-ago murdered king. However, as all became silent he returned to bed. Then,



Photograph *Topical*

SPANISH GRANDEE'S WEDDING

The marriage of the Senorita Christina Falco, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of La Mina, and cousin of the Duke of Alba, to the Count de la Maza took place in the Royal Church of Santa Isabel, Madrid

just as he was falling into a doze, the sound came again, on a higher note and with even more pitiful moan, rising and rising until it ended in the stifled shriek which began to give my friend goose-flesh. So it went on. Silence; then the awesome sound; then silence again; and again the sound.

At last my friend, unable to bear it any longer, got up, put on a dressing gown, and making up the wood fire, sat in a chair in front of the blaze, trying to read a book more shaken and jumpy than he cared to admit even to himself. After a little while he bounded from his chair in sheer terror. The moaning had begun again, and seemed to come from the very centre of the burning logs.

But he was a man of resource, and, recovering his equanimity, he stepped under the stone canopy and listened. Then he sat down in the chair, yelling with laughter. The moans and stifled shrieks came down the chimney, which was acting as a sort of megaphone to the snores of another guest occupying the room above!

"Revanche"

DURING the War one of our English Bishops visiting the battle area addressed a number of French soldiers in their own language. They were somewhat upset, however, when he ended his remarks with the fervent wish that they might all be *abondamment blessés*. A French Protestant pastor has recently avenged his countrymen. He was visiting some friends in Scotland, and seeing the word "kippered" asked its meaning. He was told that it meant "preserved." The same evening he was taking a service in the private chapel of the house in which he was staying, and concluded his blessing thus: "And may the souls of all in this honoured house be eternally kippered!"

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

MISS BARBARA BERKELEY MATTHEWS

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Berkeley Matthews, of Westerhill, Langholm, Dumfrieshire, whose wedding to Mr. J. A. G. Elliot, the son of Colonel the Hon. F. Elliot and Mrs. Elliot, of Edinburgh, and grandson of the third Earl of Minto, takes place to-day at the Parish Church of Westerkirk, Dumfrieshire

On The Riviera

THE sun is setting gloriously as I write—the Casino is crowded: there is a *thé dansant* at a hundred smart hotels, where orchestras of doubtful melody discourse jazz, fox-trot, and Boston in over-heated atmospheres. One often wonders how many see the sun-sets of this temperamental Riviera. Not many more than see it rise. It is for the sun that the Côte d'Azur is justly famous, but it has less worshippers than an effete religion, and is as much scorned by fashion as last year's varnished satin. Yet no sun, no

"GOOD BEAT, SIR!"

More celebrities on the Cannes links. Grand Duc Cyrille is seen finishing his drive, which, apparently, doesn't seem too bad

Riviera—or, perhaps more truly, no gambling, no season.

THE big gamblers are not here yet—the plunger with a flare has not so far materialised. "Bob" Sievier's win of over 200,000 francs has caused some bar talk, but no one has yet thrilled the community by untoward good fortune. The attendants despair and waiters comment seriously: "*Les grandes cocottes* have not yet arrived"—although there is rumour of fur coats costing £10,000. The play at the International at Monte Carlo is of the *pension* variety, and up-to-date timidity is the rule

PRINCE PHILLIPE DE BOURBON

On the links at Cannes. This famous course is crowded nowadays with all sorts of well-known people, from artists and authors to archdukes and anarchists

of the game. Cornuchet promises to make Cannes a super-Deauville, where recklessness will make wealth look silly—a dangerous rival of Monte Carlo, where Lord Rosslyn has just arrived with a fresh "system." Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

A HORRID and nasty report got into circulation through the Press last week, that Monte Carlo was to be *supprimé* and its marvellous site to be made a climatic station. For a moment

Photographs *E. Navello*

GRAND DUC MICHEL

Indulging in his favourite game, at which he is no mean performer

the whole coast was *en deuil*, but cheer was soon restored when it was announced that the Casino concession does not terminate till 1963—so there is still plenty of time to love and lose. Then Cannes may hope to take the unique place of Monte Carlo. Cornuchet is certainly a man of vision.

JANUARY 6 will bring the lads to the village, no doubt, for then racing begins, and the shops are already a madness with the frocks to be worn there.

THEY are wrong who say that one Riviera town is like all the rest. You may lose money in all of them to be sure, but their *habitués* vary. Cannes is the crusty thing—ultra yet correct. Definitely smart is Cannes, with skirts the right height and bodices the right depth. It has a courtliness which is almost more than smart, more *le dernier cri* than the "last word"; where any mother might take her daughter.

DEAR old Mentone might be Bath with a palm stuck in it. Reposeful with "county" tone and half-pay torpor. There the Colonel reads his *Graphic*, and books of travel are sent out from Mudies.

MONTE CARLO is not so much the perch of the bird as the roost of the hen. The average citizeness seems to have left the world behind her—as much as though she had "gotten to a nunnery." The senility which overtakes a love of play is a running comment on age, bad taste, and misapplied facial features.

AT Nice, on the other hand, the sun brings out that species of worm who *flâneurs* badly, flatters rich old ladies, dances *au thé dansant*, and pawns his halo the next morning. One of the mauve men who talks to pink ladies.

AT Hyères all is peace, and epitaphs, not epigrams, gloom the villa conversation. Very varying are these Riviera towns!

BY HELEN McKIE

SUMMER IN DECEMBER ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

Peaches and Personalities

PLUCKED FROM THE PANTOMIMES

BY MACMICHAEL

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE

Times may change, but pantomimes go on for ever

London's Grand Guignol

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THE play that opens the entertainment is called *What Did Her Husband Say?* which has been retained from a former series owing to its popularity. It is the story of a gentleman in khaki who escorts a grass-widow home, and is allowed to occupy the sofa in the parlour. Unexpectedly the husband, a seafaring man, returns home, and goes to bed; and at the first opportunity the grass-widow bundles her soldier out and throws his clothes after him But there has been a slight error in the rush, and we are left wondering what her husband did say when he woke up in the morning and found that his navy-blue "slacks" had turned to khaki in the night. Details are mercifully withheld by the management.

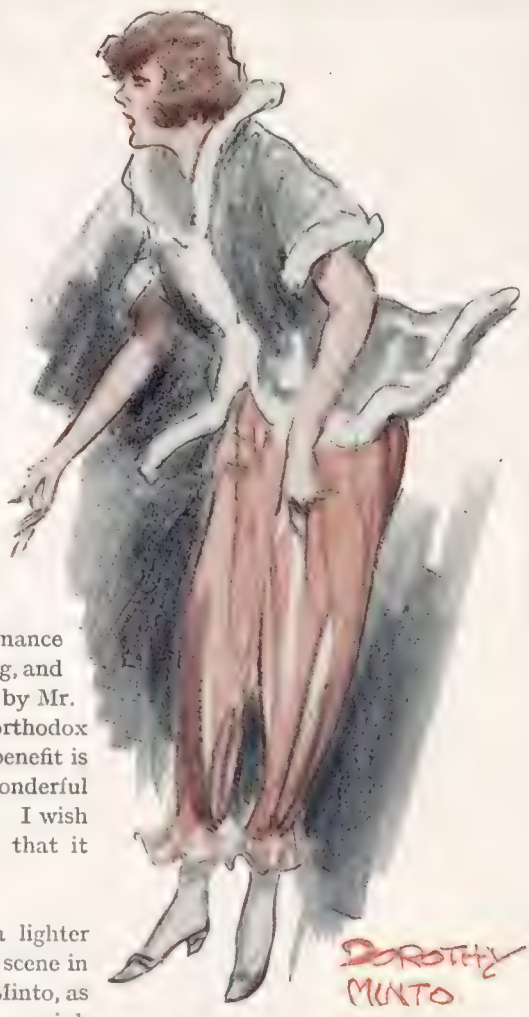
THEN the time arrives for making our flesh creep, and we are introduced to a convict awaiting execution for murder. The "thrill" is called *Eight o'Clock*, that being the hour, I understand, at which the law takes its extreme course with a disagreeable jerk. I am quite ignorant of the etiquette of the condemned cell on a busy morning, but I am prepared to assume that this play presents a faithful and photographic record of what takes place during the half-hour that precedes a lawful execution. The first step is the awakening of the Prisoner (I think he should have been called the Convict, sir) who not unnaturally is very eager to know the time. The fact that he asks a policeman is not to be taken as levity in his case, since only police are present with him at the moment. In due course the Clergyman (why not Chaplain?) arrives with a black bag which looks almost as mysterious as the doctor's till we learn that it contains the official vestments he wears when conducting burial services. And there is one nearly due.

IT is a quarter to eight now, and the prisoner is getting querulous, while the audience is clearly being keyed up very nicely. At ten minutes to eight a lady in the stalls rose from her seat and hurried outside, clear evidence that the promised "thrill" was being faithfully supplied. With a fine dignity the Clergyman, represented by Mr. Lewis Casson, commences his task of consoling the Prisoner, who, however, is apt to be a little

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*continued*)

defiant. As far as he can understand his religious "consolation" it amounts to a disconcerting hint that after he has suffered death in this world for his crime, he will go to the next world and begin there a course of real punishment. Here, again, I am bound to suppose that the dialogue is true to life, and if I have hinted that so solemn a subject has its lighter side, it is only because one of Prisoner's plaintive repartees did actually raise a laugh in the audience. It may, of course, have been provoked intentionally as a means of relieving the tension which, as eight o'clock draws near, becomes rather acute.

It is five minutes to eight, and there is a letter for the Prisoner. It is from his wife, and there is in it a hint that a reprieve may come at the last moment. Fortified by this hope the Prisoner becomes less defiant and argumentative, and consents to kneel with the Clergyman in prayer. As eight o'clock strikes he gets up and looks round for the reprieve. Instead, the hangman is already pinioning his arms, and in spite of his faint protests that they should wait a moment, he is hustled up the stairway in a state of collapse by two sturdy warders, while the Clergyman is intoning the opening sentences of the Burial Service. A moment later there is a nice suggestive little thud to announce the fact that the trap-door has fallen, and a sigh upon the breeze gives a hint of the sufferer's last agony. Mr. Russell Thorndyke's performance is very real and very thrilling, and the studied care employed by Mr. Casson in his exposition of orthodox theology for the prisoner's benefit is most impressive. It is a wonderful little drama in every way. I wish I could satisfy myself that it was necessary, also.



DOROTHY MINTO AS VICTORIA

After a play in a lighter vein, featuring a scene in which Miss Dorothy Minto, as the heroine, clad in pink pyjamas, is lying on the floor on her back with her legs in the air doing "exercises" in order to improve her figure (I think I am using the technical language correctly), we come to *Private Room, No.* 6, which is the story of a nice little murder, though as the crime is committed by political people of Russian nationality there may be for all I know to the contrary a politer euphemism for the rash act. The play is not much in itself, but it gives Miss Sybil Thorndyke an opportunity for acting that can fairly be termed great. Mr. George Bealby, who also brings distinction to the play, is a Russian tyrant who is being hunted through Europe by relatives of his victims. Léa, the sister of a young man whom he did to death in a barbarous fashion, uses her beauty to fascinate the tyrant, and when he is completely at her mercy she goes behind him and chokes him to death with one of her long, sixteen-button gloves. Miss Thorndyke's performance here is one to remember. She gives every manifestation of subdued but acute distress as she squeezes the life out of her victim, half-sobbing for fear she may not accomplish her job successfully,

SYBIL THORNDIKE AS LÉA

GEORGE BEALBY AS GENERAL GRIGOREFF

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

and seeming, woman-like, to sympathise with the poor man for the inconvenience she is causing him. If ever a silk purse was made out of a porcine ear, Miss Thorndyke may flatter herself that she has accomplished the feat at last.

THE conclusion of this little play is quite briskly dramatic. Having done her victim in, Léa rushes to the door and calls for help, saying that something seems to have happened to the old gentleman. Something certainly has! Two detectives who have been shadowing the tyrant in order to protect him from the assassination he was always apprehending, rush into the room and tell Léa that she will be detained. Léa noisily protests her innocence, but the detectives are not to be moved. And having thus cleared the room of awkward witnesses, they reveal themselves not as detectives at all, but as Léa's accomplices, who have come to help her escape by this mock arrest. The moral would seem to be that when you are out on an assassination trip you should always take your own detectives with you.

THE final item on the programme, *The Tragedy of Mr. Punch*, is the old story told with living puppets. There is a supremely interesting suggestion that it was once a Morality Play, Punch being short for Pontius Pilate and Judy for Judas Iscariot.

MINNIE RAYNOR DOROTHY MINTO AND SYBIL THORNDIKE IN THE TRAGEDY OF MR PUNCH.

It is very novel and quaint; but the play itself hardly rises to the great height of the theme premised.

THE "Tragedy" is, however, supremely interesting, and it gives evidence besides that the management of the Little Theatre has something else up its sleeve than mere frivolity and "thrills." There is nothing, by the way, on the outside of the decorative programme itself to hint that the theatre caters in any way for the frivolous. The bloodstained hand on the front page suggests that the *menu* consists only of a supply of sanguinary and palpitating horror, for which it is understood there is now a very satisfactory demand from the "thinking public." But there is an agreeable leaven of lighter work in the present programme, which, as a whole, is likely to strengthen the firm hold the Grand Guignol already has on the play-going world of London. The entertainment is of uniform excellence, and its variety makes it extremely interesting. JINGLE

Round the Pantomimes

OWING to the "obstinate success" of the *Garden of Allah* at Drury Lane Theatre, the historical pantomime has been housed this year at Covent Garden Theatre. But the old magnificence which Mr. Arthur Collins tries to improve upon every year is there as richly as ever. The chief humorists are Miss Lily Long and the Egbert Bros., and while the splendour of the present production creates a record of its own, the fun is turned on in large and delightful quantities. The Covent Garden *Cinderella* is one of the sights of Town.

IT is, I think, some years since the London Hippodrome went in for pantomime. The present production of *Aladdin* will prove a sheer delight to the youngsters. Not only is the scenery of unusual splendour, but there are in the cast such laughter-compelling humorists as Miss Nellie Wallace and Mr. Lupino Lane, while the fascinating Miss Phyllis Dare is there to supply the element of beauty and charm. And, a word to the wise! The Hippodrome that for so many years has been compelled to go "bone dry" has at last managed to wriggle from under the thumb of the despot. It is now possible to take a whisky and soda at the bar without incurring the risk of a minatory tap on the shoulder from a policeman. It looks as if Magna Charta were getting into working order again!

THE Lyceum pantomime appeals to a very wide audience, and this year the trouble of the management should be to find room for everybody. *The Babes in the Wood* is a fine, business-like entertainment provided by experts in the art of giving the greater public more than value for its money. The annual pantomime at the Lyceum has been for some years now a feature of Town, and the popularity of *The Babes* is already assured. It is a subject that always appeals to the children, and the management of the Lyceum has seen to it that in spite of the mild pathos of the story it can be made very funny indeed.

THERE is another *Cinderella* at Wimbledon which ought to prove attractive to the large population in the surrounding suburbs. The King's at Hammersmith is making a strong bid for popularity with an excellent version of *Robinson Crusoe*, while for those who like to see pantomime raised to the level of one of the fine arts, there is Miss Margaret Morris's production of *Jack and the Beanstalk* at her cosy little theatre in King's Road, Chelsea. Lovers of pantomime are certainly in clover this year. A. G.

New Year Resolutions

BY E. L. ROBERTS

(Retrieved by an indomitable ferret from the waste-paper baskets of the Great and Good.)

THE PREMIER:

" This is my firm resolve—to queer
The Opposition ' pitch ' this year,
Proving to People and to Press
That Coalitions coalesce."

MR. OSCAR ASCHE:

" While there is life in *Chu Chin Chow*
Art for Art's sake shall be my vow;
And so, despite dramatic ' crashes,'
England will still retain ' the Asches.' "

BE CAREFUL, SONNY! By VICTOR HICKS

MR. ROBERT SMILLIE:

" Although a war-lord of the Masses
I will not frown upon the Classes,
But greet with kindly word and look
Even a plutocratic duke."

DEAN INGE:

" In 1921 you'll see
A most astounding change in me—
Banishing dreary dingy gloom
In *Comic Cuts* my wit will ' boom.' "

LIEUT.-COLONEL REPINGTON:

" Lunched at the Blitz; Lady Pall-Mall
Whispered: ' Of course, you've heard that—well,
The NEXT world-war . . . ! ' Without delay
I'll buy some diaries to-day."

DR. ADDISON:

" In spite of houses planned and built
My gingerbread has lost much gilt.
In 1921 I swear
To build NO castles . . . in the air! "

MRS. ASQUITH:

" Autobiographing I find
Extremely restful for my mind,
So having nothing else to do
I'll write another vol. or two."

MR. ROBERT WILLIAMS:

" I'll be a proletarian pet
And faster Sovietiquette;
Then Trotsky, if I'm VERY Red'll,
Give me, perhaps, another medal! "

MESSRS. GEDDES BROTHERS:

" Two minds with but a single thought
Incomparable deeds have wrought;
This year our kudos will increase—
We hope to have ONE thought a-piece."

THE POET LAUREATE:

" Public opinion's a sham
For which I do not care a damn . . .
The COMMON people! Faugh!—
By Gosh!
I WILL embrace my brother-Bosch! "

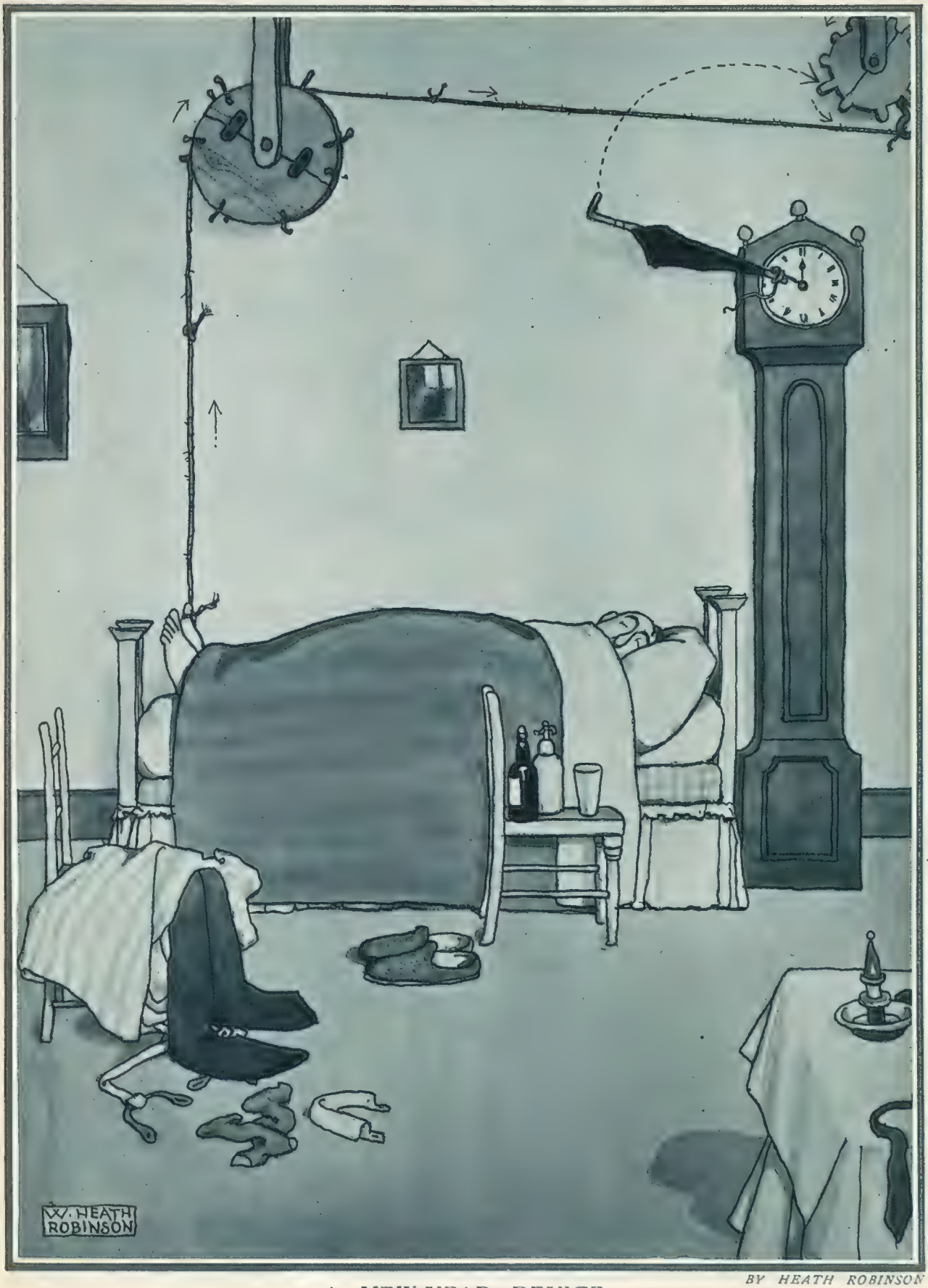
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL:

" If D.L.G., full-fed with strife,
Should hanker for a private life,
My modesty I'll try to quell . . .
(His shoes will fit ME rather well!) "

MR. JACK DEMPSEY:

" Although a most pacific gink,
When real live coin starts to chink
No longer will I stand aloof—
Me for Carpentier . . . and oof! "

Lest We Forget!



BY HEATH ROBINSON

A NEW-YEAR DEVICE

To assist you in keeping that new resolution for early rising

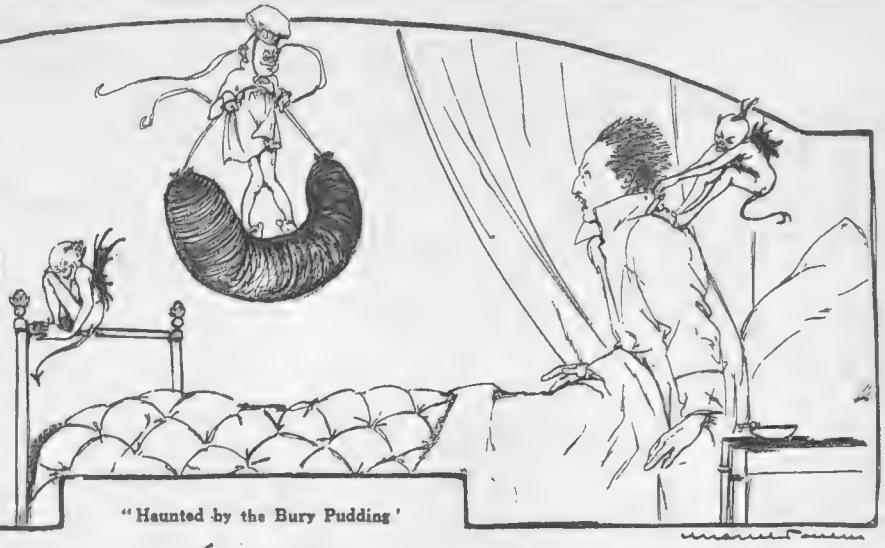
"He Stoops to Conquer"

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

ON THE ICE AT CHAMONIX

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN



"Haunted by the Bury Pudding"

RÉVEILLON

MES AMIS—

IT is that I am haunted by the Bury pudding. Each night when I have gone to bed this curly black monstrosity has pursued me. Always, with some terrible enemy standing on the centre, as if to drive a chariot, with the reins attached to each end. Oh! the terror I have had at the thought that some midnight, or some three a.m., this terrible *saucisse noir* will come crashing upon me and flatten me out, leaving behind as the only trace the smell of blood and groats.

IT is since the *réveillon*. I have not known before that this dish of tradition calls itself in England Bury pudding. I wish I had never learned. I would have been spared this horror from my dreams. It is all because of a strange Englishman from Lancashire that I have known of this nightmare name. *Homme extraordinaire!* He has seemed not content except to make mischief. He has insisted on calling the *boudin* Bury pudding. And for me and my *charmante cousine* Rolande it has thrown the shiversome shadow of grave-digging over most of our New Year Eve.

IT is maybe that to you English this name Bury has some not so fearful meaning. If this is so I will be glad to hear, for I have truly a dread of the word. You, perhaps, will think I am silly. But I am like that. I acquire the creeps from the foolish little things, and until I am shown that I am wrong I am still the victim. The Lancashire stranger to whom I have told my weakness has at first pretended to soothe me by saying it is the name of a town. But this has been a too extravagant invention to believe. It is too much to expect even a stay-at-home Parisian to accept that a town would call itself after an interment. I know you have funny ways to name your towns. You call one after a bath and another after a well, or two wells. This I can understand. You have a reverence for the washing. But to give a town the name of a funeral, never! I have told this Grand Guignol Lancashireman I will not believe that.

I CALL him Grand Guignol because he has seemed to gloat over our *frissons*. He has kept asking if I would mind to pass the Bury pudding. "Bury, you know, ha! ha!" he has said, each time the same thing. It has almost spoilt my *réveillon* at the Café d'Angleterre, which without this might have been so enjoyable. And it is because I have fought to keep the spirit of the merry night that it has since so got on my mind.

IT has really been *réveillon* of the most joyful, in despite of the millionaire prices which have made to drink champagne just like to consume liquid gold, and to eat *dindonneau* like to swallow mouthfuls of the diamonds. No one but a vulgar *profiteur* could, of course, relish that. But Rolande and I have been able to give ourselves the excuse that we were making it as a duty as well as a pleasure. We have tried to forget that each bite has taken a *billet* of five francs and each sip a *billet* of ten. And so we have struggled through, for truly it has been a *repas délicat*.

AND everyone has been so gay. I have never remembered a *réveillon* where there has been so

"In despite of the millionaire prices"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

much high spirits in the making of the old-fashioned fun such as throwing the coloured little balls at the other tables. And when has come the *grande surprise*, of which I go to tell you later, it has made everyone as elated as the *petits enfants*.

"The stranger partner has let her head nestle gently"

THE dancing has been *exquis*. It is a night when you have some more freedom to have stranger partners and I have had the good fortune in the choice. It has been the first time also that I have done the twilight *valse*. Everyone has agreed that it is *délicieuse*. All the white lights have been turned out and only has been left a few lamps which have glowed a rich violet. The music, too, has become soft, oh! so soft, until one has thought to valse to the air of a lovely dream. The stranger partner has let her head nestle gently, tenderly, on one's shoulder as if she has been lulled to sleep and we have swayed almost unconsciously round and round until the last fairylike strains of the violin have whispered themselves away.

I HAVE been not the only one to think it was divine. There has been at once a demand for encores. And if the *patron* has not been so *inquiet* that he is not going to have time to make his *coup sensationnel* the whisper valse in the twilight has surely continued all the night.

BUT the *patron* has had right. His *coup* has made the maddest revel of the evening. And, *après tout*, *réveillon* is intended to be rollicking fun that is not possible all through the year; and dancing, in all its forms, can be enjoyed whenever there is the time.

THE *patron* (I call him that because he is, in his *haute monde* manner of directing his *restaurant élégant*, so very unlike my *patron* friends of the Quarter) has introduced his *surprise prodigieuse* with the gravity of a cardinal. "I am now about to present you, etcetera," he has said in the grand style, and we have thought it is to be something serious and solemn. But he has signalled for a door to open and there has been at once a blare of the most discordant music that has ever been heard on earth. A jazz band, one has realised, but what is exceptional about a jazz band that has made the *patron* so very pompous.

HE has kept us waiting in the ear-lacerating din until we are quite excited for an explanation. Then he has made another signal and the bandsmen are in. They have not been content to walk or even to run. They have hurled themselves, some of them jumping in the air and others rolling about the floor. And then we have the solution. It is a jazz band of *agents*, real *agents*. And we are the favoured to have the first *fou rire* at the end of a mystery that has baffled all Paris. For many weeks now there have been strange noises at the police station and *agents* have been seen to creep home with funny-shaped parcels. There has even been a rumour that they go to learn the music but no one has believed. Now we have found it is just true. You will not understand our bewildered amaze. You have your police bands all the time. But your police are so different, so tame. Our agents are so much of the pepper and fierce. What would you think to meet suddenly a jazz band of retired Indian majors and colonels? That is the nearest to our jazz *agents*. And they have made the jazz music with such fierce extraordinariness. It is not one chair that has not been knocked over in the laughter and the scramble.

"Our jazz *agents*"

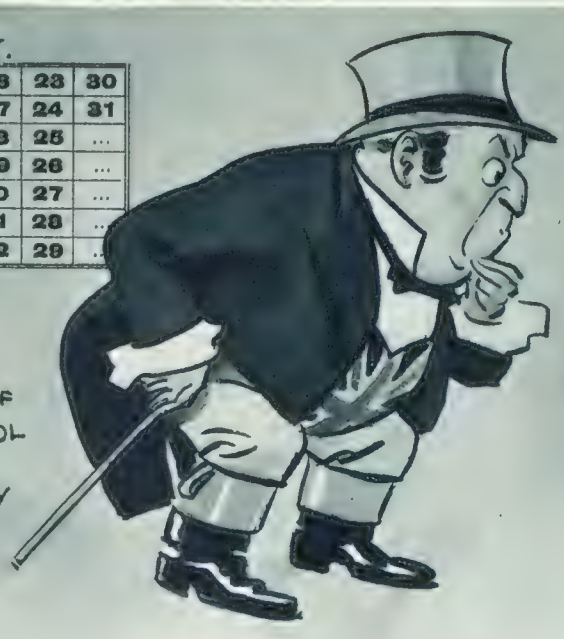
AND I, myself, should have been able to go home in the old *réveillon* spirit if that Grand Guignol of a Lancashireman has not said "Not real *agents*, not real: pass the Bury pudding, please, bury, ha! ha!"

ROLAND.

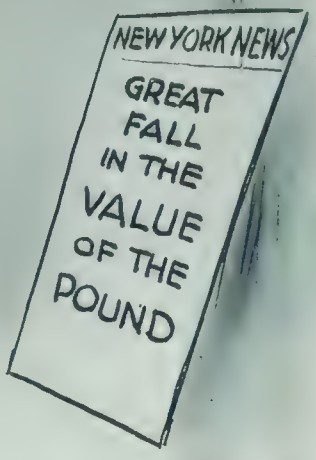
Old Leete's Almanac for 1921

JANUARY.

Sun. -	2	9	16	23	30
Mon. -	3	10	17	24	31
Tue. -	4	11	18	25	...
Wed. -	5	12	19	26	...
Thu. -	6	13	20	27	...
Fri. -	7	14	21	28	...
Sat. 1	8	15	22	29	...

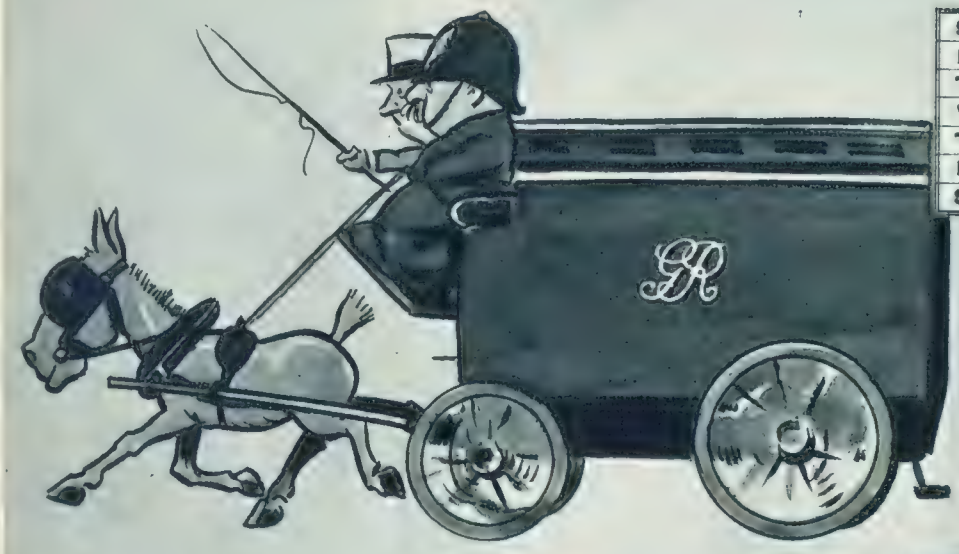


THE HEALTH OF A POPULAR IDOL WILL CAUSE GRAVE ANXIETY



FEBRUARY.

Sun.	...	6	13	20	27
Mon.	...	7	14	21	28
Tue.	1	8	15	22	...
Wed.	2	9	16	23	...
Thu.	3	10	17	24	...
Fri.	4	11	18	25	...
Sat.	5	12	19	26	...



A WELL KNOWN PERSONAGE WILL DISAPPEAR FROM PUBLIC LIFE

MARCH.

Sun. -	...	6	13	20	27
Mon. -	...	7	14	21	28
Tue. -	1	8	15	22	29
Wed. -	2	9	16	23	30
Thu. -	3	10	17	24	31
Fri. -	4	11	18	25	...
Sat. -	5	12	19	26	...

MANY THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WILL BE THROWN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT THROUGH A TOTALLY UNEXPECTED EVENT

(Continued on next page)

Old Leete's Almanac *(continued)*

APRIL.

Sun. -	...	3	10	17	24
Mon. -	...	4	11	18	25
Tue. -	...	5	12	19	26
Wed. -	...	6	13	20	27
Thu. -	...	7	14	21	28
Fri. -	1	8	15	22	29
Sat. -	2	9	16	23	30

MAY.

Sun. -	1	8	15	22	29
Mon. -	2	9	16	23	30
Tue. -	3	10	17	24	31
Wed. -	4	11	18	25	...
Thu. -	5	12	19	26	...
Fri. -	6	13	20	27	..
Sat. -	7	14	21	28	...

JUNE.

Sun. -	...	5	12	19	26
Mon. -	...	6	13	20	27
Tue. -	...	7	14	21	28
Wed. -	1	8	15	22	29
Thu. -	2	9	16	23	30
Fri. -	3	10	17	24	...
Sat. -	4	11	18	25	...

Old Leete's Almanac *(continued)*

JULY.

Sun. -	...	3	10	17	24/31
Mon. -	...	4	11	18	25
Tue. -	...	5	12	19	26
Wed. -	...	6	13	20	27
Thu. -	...	7	14	21	28
Fri. -	1	8	15	22	29
Sat. -	2	9	16	23	30

WE SHALL HEAR OF STARTLING EVENTS IN RUSSIA

AUGUST.

Sun. -	...	7	14	21	28
Mon. -	1	8	15	22	29
Tue. -	2	9	16	23	30
Wed. -	3	10	17	24	31
Thu. -	4	11	18	25	...
Fri. -	5	12	19	26	...
Sat. -	6	13	20	27	...

THERE WILL PROBABLY BE SEVERE BLIZZARDS AND SNOWSTORMS

SEPTEMBER.

Sun. -	...	4	11	18	25
Mon. -	...	5	12	19	26
Tue. -	...	6	13	20	27
Wed. -	...	7	14	21	28
Thu. -	1	8	15	22	29
Fri. -	2	9	16	23	30
Sat. -	3	10	17	24	...

SENSATIONAL NEWS WILL REACH US FROM SOUTH WALES

Old Leete's Almanac *(concluded)*

An Eastern Indiscretion

BY ARTHUR MILLS

"TAKE this letter straight across to the Residency, please," said Lord Wain to his private secretary. "I want it to go by the King's messenger bag to-night."

"Very good, Chief," answered James Dawnay, "I will run over with it now."

Lord Wain carefully sealed the long blue, official envelope, and handed it to his secretary. He looked at his watch; it was just four o'clock. The Commission had had a long sitting that day. He decided he would go down to the Gesireh and watch the polo.

. . . . . .

When his Chief had gone young Dawnay tidied up the papers on his desk, yawned, and looked out of the window. He was getting bored with Cairo, and the restrictions which his position as Lord Wain's Secretary imposed upon him. He realised that the work which Lord Wain was doing in Egypt was of a highly important and confidential nature. (Lord Wain was, in point of fact, examining on behalf of the British Government, certain near Eastern international questions.) Nevertheless it was really an infernal bore to be tied down to the society of about twenty people from the Residency and diplomatic world, when there was all the gay, cosmopolitan company of Cairo so near at hand.

Lord Wain had been particularly insistent on this point. "You must keep among your own people," he said to Dawnay. "It was one of your father's life-long rules never to get mixed up with foreigners out here. There are a good many people who would like to know something about the work I am doing, and you never know who you may run against. Not every man with a fair complexion and a French or Italian accent is of pure European origin—no, my boy, *nor every woman either.* Your father always said that, and he was a great man, as I hope you may be, too, one day."

Young Dawnay was the son of a famous colonial administrator. It was mainly on this account that he had been offered his present post with Lord Wain.

He yawned again, and looked at the letter which he was to take over to the Residency. It was addressed to an official at the British Foreign Office. He supposed it contained the usual précis of the Commission's confidential proceedings during the week. Well, well, the sooner he got rid of it the sooner he could go down to the polo ground, too. Oh, those tea-parties at the Gesireh Club! And oh, those very dull ladies of the official world to whom he would have to hand buns and bread and butter. It was too bad to be in a country as permeated with romance as Egypt and lead such an adventureless existence.

On arrival at the Residency, he found that the whole of the staff were down at the sporting club playing polo, and were not expected back till seven o'clock. The King's Messenger had taken the key of the bag with him. Dawnay did not care to leave the dispatch except under lock and key, and felt that until the return of the staff the safest place for it would be in his pocket. Saying he would come back later, he walked away.

To pass the time he strolled down one of the main thoroughfares looking at the shops. The hour was a little after half-past four; the heat of the day had passed; the native world of Cairo was beginning to bestir itself. Dawnay stopped opposite a scent shop and studied the various bottles of oriental perfume in the window. A *gharri* drew up behind him. Dawnay looked round and saw seated in the *gharri* an Egyptian girl. She was what is called a "White Yashmak," this being the colloquial expression among Englishmen in Egypt for the better-class Egyptian girls who wear the thin white veil instead of the more heavy black one.

The girl got out of the *gharri* and walked towards the door of the scent shop. Dawnay observed that she was exceedingly attractive. Wisps of fair hair peeped out from under her native head-dress; pretty red lips could be seen plainly through the thin gauze veil fastened across the lower part of her face; her small graceful feet were shod with a pair of high-heeled French shoes. Moreover, as she passed him, a pair of brown eyes twinkled straight into his from over the top of her veil.

Now Dawnay had not been in Egypt as long as he had without hearing stories of the wonderful adventures that sometimes befell Englishmen to whom "White Yashmak" ladies took a fancy. Only last week he had heard the story of the Naval Lieutenant and the Sultan's daughter. Such stories

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"AN EASTERN INDISCRETION" (*continued*)

are as inseparable from Cairo Club life as is the sea serpent from the English Press in the silly season. They have usually as much foundation. He had never spoken to a native girl since coming to Cairo; he was too discreet a young man for that. However, this evening, realising that he would shortly be leaving Egypt, the inclination to try for himself a mild adventure came to him irresistibly. Accordingly he followed the girl into the scent shop.

She did not make things difficult for him. Pretending to study the wares on the counter he looked sideways at the girl, and found her looking sideways at him. He observed that her eyes were large, brown, and brilliant; they had a decidedly friendly expression. James grinned—so did the girl. James said "Good-evening." She answered "Good-evening" in French.

James was further excited by her speaking French. He knew only the upper-class Egyptian girls spoke French. It showed her to be a girl of good family.

"May I have the honour of giving you a little present?" he said, laying his hand on a bottle of perfume.

She shrugged her shoulders prettily. "There is no scent of the kind I like here."

"But we could go, perhaps, to a place where we could buy some of your special kind?" he suggested.

She appeared to think. "There is a shop in the Mousque," she said; "it would take five minutes in the *gharri* to reach it."

Now the Mousque is the great bazaar in the heart of native Cairo. Once they had reached its narrow, tortuous streets they would be hidden from all prying European eyes. James felt his heart beat faster.

"Drat!" he said suddenly, as, slipping his hand into his breast pocket for a cigarette, he felt the letter there. "I must post this letter."

She held her head on one side, and looked at him. "To your little girl in England, perhaps?"

He laughed: "No, to my big Government."

"You can come first and buy the scent, and afterwards post the letter," she said, "the Mousque is very near."

This was true, certainly. Also, no one could be back at the Residency yet to whom he could hand over the letter. Moreover, if he let the opportunity of becoming acquainted with her slip he might lose sight of her altogether. The White Yashmak's were notoriously elusive.

"All right," he agreed. "I'll come with you, but we must be quick."

He called up the *gharri*. "What sort of scent are you going to get?" he asked, looking at the pretty little powdered face beside him.

"Very nice—you'll see."

Opposite one of the narrow alley ways leading off the main street, Mitala—as she told him she was called—called to the driver to stop, and, beckoning to Dawnay to follow her, got out of the *gharri*.

"My shop is down here," she said, "come along."

Dawnay followed her down the dark, over-hung alley. There was hardly room for the pair of them to walk abreast.

"Here we are." She stopped opposite a little shop, filled with bottles and cannisters. "This is Abu Hamed." She pointed to a small, fat Egyptian, who was seated cross-legged on a mat in his doorway.

Abu Hamed rose, and bowed gravely to Dawnay. He gave an order to a little Arab boy, who darted off down the alley.

"He has sent for some of his tea for us," Mitala explained; "it comes overland by the caravan route from Persia; it is very good."

"I must not stay long," Dawnay protested.

"You won't have to," she reassured him. "Abu, I want to buy a bottle of scent."

Abu Hamed rubbed his hands. "Certainly, what kind do you like? Otto of roses, jasmine, almond, kris? Kris is a very fine scent, Madame. I am the only man in Cairo who has it."

"What is it like?" Mitala asked.

"You shall smell." Abu Hamed dived into a drawer and pulled out a piece of flannel. He unwrapped the flannel, disclosing a glass bottle about 6in. long by 3in. broad. "This is the only bottle of kris in Cairo." He turned to Dawnay. "If madame likes I will make up for her a small bottle. Smell it for yourself."

Dawnay took the bottle, and, removing the stopper, held it to his nostrils. Abu Hamed had certainly not exaggerated. Dawnay had never smelt a more delicious perfume in his life.

"It is used by the Sultan's wives," said Abu Hamed, with a wave of his hand. "I alone in Cairo can get it. Now I will make up the bottle for the lady."

"Good, isn't it?" Mitala looked up from the cushion on which she was sitting. "Ah, here is the tea—you wait till you taste that."

Dawnay felt he would be glad of the tea. The heavy perfume of the scent, combined with the warm evening, had given him a drowsy feeling. He sat down by Mitala and rested his head against a pillar.

"Sleepy?" she asked.

"Just a bit. By Jove! I've got that letter to post."

He put his hand to his pocket to see if the document was safe. It was there, just where he had put it.

"Look here, I must be off."

"Drink your tea first." She held out a small china cup to him.

He put the cup to his lips and emptied it at a gulp. "Smells rather like the scent you've just bought," he said.

At this moment he noticed Abu Hamed looking at him. An odd light had come into Abu Hamed's eyes—they were half triumphant, half expectant. He noticed two large Arabs leaning against the wall opposite the doorway; they, too, seemed to have the same sinister look. Without quite knowing why, Dawnay became obsessed with a feeling of imminent danger.

"Come on, we must be getting back," he touched Mitala on the shoulder.

He took a step towards the door; his feet felt as though they had pins and needles in them. He stumbled as he walked. His mind now was concentrated on an effort to get out of that alley-way at all costs. He stepped on to the cobbles. "*Yallah impshi*"—he brushed aside the two big Arabs who were pressing round him asking for *backsheesh*. He stumbled again.

"Mitala, give me your arm. I'm feeling a bit queer." He looked round, there was no sign of Mitala.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Casting the "Dye"

BY WILMOT LUNT

SHE: "I thought you loved a fair-haired girl?"
HE: "I did, but she dyed!"

"AN EASTERN INDISCRETION" (*concluded*)

He turned back to find her. He walked with difficulty now; his head buzzed; there were things in front of his eyes. He put his hand against the wall to steady himself. Again he saw the two Arabs coming towards him. "*Yallah!*" he tried to yell, but his voice sounded far away and faint. Then he realised. . . .

He fought the drug. Whatever happened he must not lose consciousness in the heart of native Cairo with the despatch in his pocket. It seemed to him long minutes that he fought and fought for the retention of his faculties. Actually only a few seconds passed before a last impression had faded from his mind. It was of a girl bending over him, and busy fingers unbuttoning his coat.

When James Dawnay regained consciousness he found himself sitting on a seat overlooking the Nile. Night had fallen, but a magnificent full moon bathed Cairo in a flood of white light. He rose to his feet and started to walk, at first unsteadily, back over the bridge to the city.

He could not understand how he came to be over on the Gesireh side at this hour of the night. He was vaguely conscious of a sense of something disastrous having happened. Gradually the recollection of what had taken place during the past six hours returned to him. When he was alive to the full significance of the evil for which he was responsible, his first instinct was to turn back and throw himself into the river.

He had betrayed his Chief's trust. That letter was in Heaven knew whose hands now. It was pretty sickening to feel that just one temporary indiscretion should have brought such results. Of course, he was to blame; he knew that. If he had followed his Chief's advice, and kept himself to himself, and not mixed with people outside his own small diplomatic circle, it would never have happened. But how on earth could he tell that a little native girl in a White Yashmak was one of those international spies against whom he had been warned?

Never now would be become a great Colonial Administrator as his father had been before him. For him the only course left open was to hide his face for years in some foreign land. In the meanwhile he must go and make a clean breast of it to his chief.

He looked at his watch. It was half-past nine. Good heavens! he had been away nearly six hours. Lord Wain, he knew, would be sitting in his private room, reading the English papers.

He jumped into a *gharri* and drove to his Chief's house.

"His Lordship has been enquiring for you, sir," said the manservant who opened the door. "I rang up the club, but they said you had not been in this evening."

"No . . . no, I haven't been to the club," said Dawnay. "Where is his Lordship? In the library?"

To his surprise, his Chief, instead of sitting, as he usually did after dinner, in an armchair with the *Times* on his lap, was at his desk, surrounded by papers, writing busily. He looked over his shoulder as Dawnay came in.

"Sit down a minute," he said, laconically.

Dawnay obeyed. It seemed to him hours that he sat in that chair, listening to the scratch of his Chief's pen. He felt the leather seat of the chair grow hot; the palms of his hands were moist and cold; he jumped a foot in the air when a moth hit his forehead. He heard Lord Wain pressing his hand over the blotting-paper; he heard the scratch of a match, and knew that the envelope was being sealed. In a moment now he must make his confession. Oh, God! what could he say?

"Dawnay," his Chief's voice rapped out, crisply.

"Sir."

"Where have you been all the evening?"

Dawnay tried to moisten his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"I have been wanting you. I had to get out the week's report for the K.M. bag."

"But —— but, you gave it to me this afternoon to take over, sir."

"No . . . no, that letter I gave you this afternoon was just a private one to my wife. I generally send her's under separate cover to Fisher, at the Foreign Office, and he delivers it. It gets through quicker that way. Here is the report. Take it over right away now, will you? What's the matter—you look a bit green?"

Dawnay did not reply. He was already half through the door. A moment later he was racing over to the Residency for dear life.

ARTHUR MILLS

By A. H. D'EGVILLE

A MUSICIAN OF MARK

Marcel Dupré gained the Prix de Rome in 1914 and is only now just over thirty. Recently he gave a recital at the Albert Hall, at which the Prince of Wales was present. For some time he was organist at Notre Dame, Paris

Bairnsfather in Canada

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

ART AND ACTUALITY

Women in Clubs

BY "BOW WINDOW"

I BELIEVE that before long all the great social clubs in London will admit women. The Services were the first to lead the way. The Guards' Club, then the Naval and Military, and now the "Senior" and the "Rag" are talking of the matter too. Clubs which exist for a special *clientèle*, such as the Carlton, Garrick, St. James's, may hold out against the invasion. The old-fashioned coffee-house clubs, Arthur's, White's, Brooks', Boodles', have a limited membership and little enough space already for their own members, so they may also remain intact. Shades of Beau Brummel! But I should like to have been at a general meeting of White's Club a century ago when the suggestion was mooted. I can fancy there would have been a pretty play of wit!

However, to-day it is no laughing matter. It is a cold hard fact that we do not appear able to run our clubs unless we allow in the ladies.

Time was when the average man was wont to regard his club as a dog does his kennel; somewhere where he could retire and ruminate at leisure; somewhere where it was understood he would growl if he was disturbed. Our mothers taught their daughters that a man's club was a place where he foregathered with his kind, drank port, and exchanged stories; she must not be surprised if it was occasionally the cause of his returning home late. The girl of to-day laughs at this. She thinks a man's club a capital place for a meal; the food is better than at a woman's club, and the company more entertaining. I prophesy that in time it will be a grievance if a man dares belong to a club to which he cannot take his womenfolk.

The question has its pros and cons. It costs a terrible lot of money to entertain in restaurants nowadays. Wine, particularly, is a formidable item on the bill. The opportunity of obtaining good wine at a cheap price is one of the great advantages of a club. Also dining at a club is undeniably more comfortable than dining at a restaurant. One of man's primitive instincts, which has survived through the ages, is a certain fancifulness about his company at feeding time. In the Stone Age a gentleman who had fashioned himself a knife from a flint looked down upon his neighbour who gnawed with his teeth. To-day Mr. and Mrs. New Poor still wince when their neighbour at a restaurant flicks peas into his mouth with his knife. Entertaining at a club is certainly pleasanter than entertaining at many restaurants in these queer, post-war times.

On the other hand, if we are to believe Mrs. Asquith, Colonel Repington, and others, Society is in an elastic state. What seeds of discord, capable in a night of becoming gigantic weeds, may we not sow in the hearts of our womenfolk if we admit them to our clubs. We may see old Major Fooyle, our churchwarden, dining *tête-à-tête* with the youngest, lightest and latest, grass widow in the town. Heaven help the poor old boy on the day that the wife of some other member obligingly tells his wife.

Again, on the question of cost of upkeep. As more and more clubs add ladies' rooms, will they find the supply become greater than the demand? The cost of the upkeep of these rooms and of the extra staff must be remembered. Will they be used enough to justify their existence? I know that several club committees have grave doubts about this.

However, none but the brave deserve the fair. The soldiers' clubs have set the ball rolling. Time will prove if they can keep up the pace.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS" By PETER FRASER

"And are you the eldest of the family?"

"Yus—so far"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

SKI-ING IT IN

BY ALBERT BAILEY

"BORED" RESIDENCE!

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 3.

DEAR COUSIN—

THIS is the time of the year, isn't it, when Nature seems absolutely dead? When, if you live in the country, tied and allied to its moods, dependent for your outlook on the caprices of the seasons, you will be almost sure to encounter for a while a certain barrenness and bleakness of the soul.

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THE Earth is dead—or seems so. There are no leaves on the trees (except the lovely but motionless evergreens); nothing is growing or sprouting, unless it be a few deluded plants that have been deceived by a mild Christmas into a premature budding, to which one or two sharp frosts will very quickly and rapidly administer the K.O. or complete knock-out. Grey is the prevailing, the dominant colour—not a soft alluring grey but the dull dreary Presbyterian sort that kills all enthusiasm and *joie de vivre*, so to speak.

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YOU feel almost ashamed to be alive. Almost you begin to envy the unsociable hedgehog or the self-contained dormouse for their long, unseeing, unthinking, untroubled winter sleep. Depression rules. Your sins and sorrows come knocking at your breast; your joys and purple moments seem far, far away—like your neighbours, who are separated from you by infinite miles of a sludgy-and-squdgy, or slidy-and-slippery road.

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BUT in London . . . this, above all others, I think, is the time to be in London—now. Horrid and artificial, perhaps, but, anyway, quite an endurable life in the gay metropolis these days, what? Quite a gayish spot really, in fact, in spite of all the frightful and horrible things that appear to be happening all around us every moment.

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THE world, as someone says, is in Travail. Though we have had seven New Years since the start of "the most murderous and dreadful war in all the annals of Christendom," still there is no peace on earth. . . . Still the children of men, their hearts failing them for fear, look in vain for the promised Star in the East. . . Instead—a black pall of threatening clouds, big with the grim menace or the cruel reality of starvation and want and strife and ruin, of battle and murder and sudden death. . .

"London is really quite endurable these days"

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AND "the darkest cloud on the horizon," in the words of no less a person than H.M. the King, is the growing problem of unemployment, a

"Miles of a sludgy-and-squdgy road"

problem of grave moment to the national welfare. Just exactly *how* big it is, no one apparently knows. At least a million or so people out of work, according to Mr. Clynes, the Labour man—and more than a quarter of them ex-Service men. "My hope" (to quote King George again) "that men who served in my forces during the War, and particularly those who are disabled, would by this time be absorbed in civil employment, has been disappointed."

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COULDN'T we, I wonder, somehow, anyhow, manage to "absorb them in civil employment"? Possibly they *are* rather tiresome, sometimes, these men who have served through "the most murderous and dreadful war in all the annals of Christendom." While learning, in that bitter and deadly school, the arts of war, they may perhaps have rather forgotten some of the arts of peace. They may even have learnt, in the intervals of the rain of bombs and shells and bullets, habits of leisure

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

which are quite opposed to the modern scheme of strenuous business. But couldn't we, perhaps, be just a little indulgent to those little defects just for a little while, till they have got rid of them and readjusted themselves to ordinary business methods of continuous and incessant industry?

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MEANWHILE, as I say, London is really quite endurable these days to them that do not take life too frightfully seriously. When summer is here London may have its little defects. You don't get much chance of seeing the flowers in full bloom or hearing the murmur of the bees about them, of tasting the joys of a countryside in full leaf and scent, of lapping up the languorous joy of a soft perfumed July evening or revelling in the raptures of a moonlight night on a dry, dewless lawn.

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BUT when the days are short and the nights long, the eternal pavement and the stuffy life of theatre and dance-places do certainly have joys all their own. Coal-miners may be on strike, Bolshies be advancing westward, and Huns plotting deeply and Tino doing his very worst, but while London continues to exist and have its being (much as before) life still remains, somehow, passably endurable

"Dances *every* night at the Grafton"

STILL (somehow) there are dances every night at the Grafton, with the Versatile Four prepared to lure us on, up to 3 a.m., to forget our cares in one-steps and fox-trots and waltzes in one of the most friendly and comfortable dancing arenas in London. Still Ciro's provides one of the best dinners in Town and not one of the worst dances, still at the Cri. Roof Garden we can revel in the strains of Art Hickman's unapproachable band. Though, of course, none of these (more or less) chaste entertainments are even for a moment to be compared with such special super-debauches as, for instance, the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall last week, where the super-John designed the scenery as well as (it's whispered) some of the very intriguing, if rather insufficient, costumes for the occasion.

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On danse, these chilly January days, and, after all, why not? What else is there to do when the real world seems dead and the skies are grey and the days short and the nights long? Lots of Twelfth Night dances to-morrow, by the way, including a very special one at the Grafton Galleries. And a great "Beggar's Opera" Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel on the 14th, with masks to be worn till midnight, and special prizes for head-dresses and fancy costumes, so as to encourage what I'm afraid is rather a dying habit of dressing-up.

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TALKING of parties, children are to be specially catered for at Lady Dorothie Moore's afternoon "show" at Devonshire House on the 12th, when Princess Alice has promised to act as hostess. It's in aid of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, which looks after and cures poor children who are in danger of becoming cripples. There will be dancing and other attractions, including a children's ballet, and tickets can be got from Lady Dorothie Moore at 234, Great Portland Street, W.

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LONDON, after all, is really rather a good place these days, as I think I've said before And yet still, somehow, to the perverse country lover, still, always, in spite of all its disabilities, even in this winter-time, the country has its call:

Broidery of stars on the blue of the night
Overhead.
Blackness of trees, and no glimmer of light
At my feet
Where the bracken is spread.
But the smell of the earth is sweet—so sweet . . .

Does give one, in the midst of urban joys, a sort of a kind of a nostalgia, what?

With love, yours ever,
BLANCHETTE

"The Chelsea Arts Ball"

Our Peace-Time Navy

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BUTTLER

No. XI.—DIRTY WEATHER. SHIPPING A HEAD SEA

[Photograph] ROYALTY IN THE FIELD [Topical Press

There was a large gathering of members of the Royal family at Sandringham this Christmas. Among other amusements hunting played a large part, and on the grey horses above can be seen the Queen of Norway and Princess Victoria riding to the meet at Tittleshall

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Sir John

RACING has sustained a genuine loss by the passing of Sir John Thursby. He was a man who raced on the very best lines; never betted, so far as I know, and he had no use for selling races, or even for handicaps. His disinclination to run his horses in the latter type of races considerably limited the chances of his trainers, and that is probably why he never did much good with the private training establishment he laid out just outside Malton. I was there when the place was being made. New gallops were fashioned at great expense, and everything promised well. But the only good winners that came from there were Rossendale and Winstanley. Similarly, when Sir John bought a short lease of the Blink Bonny Stud Farm he spent a fortune on the place, but his stallion, John o' Gaunt, proved a comparative failure, and now the establishment belongs to Mr. C. F. Kenyon.

Jockey Club's Loss

OWNERS are largely indebted to him for his admirable work as Steward of the Jockey Club. He was one of those mainly responsible for bringing into force the present regulations as to added money. Sir John never had any private "axes to grind" on the Turf. He was an extremely conscientious administrator, and by his death the Jockey Club is deprived of one of its most important members. The new baronet, Sir George Thursby, is his half-brother. He has dropped out of racing a good deal lately, but at one time there was no gentleman-rider who could beat him. Indeed, George Thursby held his own with the best professional jockeys.

The Champion Over Hurdles

ONE interesting result of last week's racing was to increase our respect for White Heat as a hurdle racer. Lady Watts's horse was not seen out himself, but the easy victory which Furious achieved at Kempton Park was a great compliment to him. You will remember that White Heat gave 13lb. and an easy beating to Furious, which makes the former seem something great. I was talking recently with Percy Woodland, the trainer of Furious, about these two young jumpers, and his opinion is that White Heat is one of the best hurdle racers we have seen for a long time. The only rival likely to beat him at level weights would seem to be Trespasser, and those connected with the latter do not appear inclined to tackle White Heat on those terms. I fear, however, that the champion's temperament is a bit tricky, and one of these days, when odds are betted on him, he will be letting his backers down rather badly.

Southampton's Form

I WAS a little disappointed with Southampton's display at Hurst Park recently, and I fancy his trainer, "Bob" Gore, was too. True, he won the Lonsdale Steeplechase, one of the best prizes of the winter season so far, but his jumping was by no means faultless. He nearly came down at the open ditch, and more than once subsequently made his jockey feel a bit uneasy. But the Findon trainer will have a very strong hand in the big steeplechase next March, for which entries are about to close. I fancy Old Tay Bridge will not prove the worst of his lot. Mr. Dixon's horse jumps beautifully, and stays well. The only selections I shall venture upon this week are **Irlandais** for the Crawley Steeplechase and **Glen Eagle** for the Four-Year-Old Hurdle Race, both at Gatwick on Wednesday.

BY "THE TOUT"

A BRACE FROM WALES

Lord St. Davids and Ivor Anthony have been a popular partnership "over the sticks" for many years. As Mr. J. Wynford Phillips, the former owned many useful winners, and is still a dominating figure at N. H. meetings. Ivor Anthony is the eldest of the three famous brothers from Tenby.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL

The wife of Sir William Portal, Bart., is a keen follower to hounds and a member of the Vine Hunt, which met recently at Sir William's country seat, Laverstoke House.

HUNTING NOTES

An Important Change

So Lord Lonsdale is giving up the Cottesmore. That he will be a difficult man to replace goes without saying. No M.F.H. has to a greater extent enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the farmers, and that, of course, is more than half the battle in hunting any country. Lord Lonsdale has always considered the occupiers of the land above all others, and has known how to deal severely with those irresponsible riders who have done unnecessary damage. When he gave up the Mastership of the Cottesmore in 1911 it was not with any intention of ever returning to office, but the War brought a new turn to things. The hounds at that time were being hunted by an American sportsman, and on his return to the States the famous Hunt was left without a leader. Lord Lonsdale came to the rescue and has kept the pack going in accordance with the best traditions of his family. Two centuries and a half have passed since one of his forebears took some hounds by road from Lowther Castle for the purpose of hunting the Cottesmore country, which ever since has owed much to the support of the Lowthers.

One of the Old School

Very few of those who were hunting with the eighth Duke of Beaufort in the Badminton country in the "sixties" are now left. One of them passed away last week in the person of Sir Reginald Graham, a great foxhunter in his day. He went with the Duke when the latter took his hounds and hunting establishment to Portou with the object of getting some sport with the wolves in the south of France. The experiment was not successful, as not only was the quarry difficult to find, but scent was bad owing to the heat, and some of the hounds did not at all relish the idea of hunting the wolf. The party from England included the present Duke, than a lad of sixteen and still at Eton. Subsequently, Sir Reginald became Master of the Cotswold, his most vivid memories of that country being of the stout breed of long grey foxes and the splendid race of stalwart yeoman who live upon the Cotswold Hills. Subsequently, he hunted the New Forest, the Tedworth, and the Hurworth countries, showing excellent sport in each case. Finally, he contented himself with running a pack of harriers from his home at Norton Conyers in Yorkshire. For more than fifty years Sir Reginald had been a member of the Jockey Club, being a prominent figure on the Turf when Lord Chaplin won the Derby with Hermit and when the ill-starred Marquis of Hastings was the most talked-of personage of the day.

A.W.C.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

LORD LECONFIELD

Who has been Master of this celebrated hunt for just twenty years, and is everything that this not too enviable post demands

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co*

THE YOUNG DUKE OF NORFOLK

At a recent meet of Lord Leconfield's hounds at Arundel, where also is the ancestral castle. The Duke will be thirteen in May

Photograph THE LEA EIGHT *[Sport and General*

Winners of the cup presented by Lord Desborough for competition between the Lea and Thames branches of the National Amateur Rowing Association. The race was rowed at Putney on Boxing Day when the Lea eight beat the Thames eight by a length and a half

Sports & Pastimes

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Laws

I AM glad to see that the *Field*, in a recent leading article, has declared that the time has come when the laws of Rugby football must be "thoroughly and ruthlessly revised." In their present form the laws are a veritable piece of patchwork, and anyone not conversant with the game who attempted by reading them to arrive at some idea of what it is like would probably give it up as a bad job before he had got half way through them. He would, at any rate, come to the conclusion that "Rugger" is one of the most complicated games in existence, and no one could blame him. Yet the complications are not in the game itself, but in the way in which its laws are presented.

"Confusion Worse Confounded"

"RUGGER" is certainly no more complicated than cricket, the laws of which are exceedingly simple and intelligible, and there is no reason why the laws of "Rugger" should not be rendered equally simple and intelligible. Badly worded to start with, they have been annotated, explained, and added to from time to time, until the notes, explanations, and instructions have outgrown the laws themselves. The result is "confusion worse confounded." It is, therefore, most devoutly to be hoped that the Rugby Union will realise the pressing need for this suggested revision before another season comes round.

The Barbarians

THE Barbarians for their Christmas tour attempted their usual ambitious programme with about their usual lack of success. They were only beaten by Cardiff and Leicester by the narrowest of margins, but Newport, without much doubt the strongest side in the kingdom, trounced them very badly. These results of tours of this description invariably go to show that a scratch team of stars gathered from all parts of the football firmament cannot hope to prevail against a good club team whose members are accustomed to playing together week after week. Combination in "Rugger" counts before everything else in the long run.

HOCKEY

Northern v. Southern Counties

THE outstanding event in hockey last week was the visit of the Lancashire and Cheshire

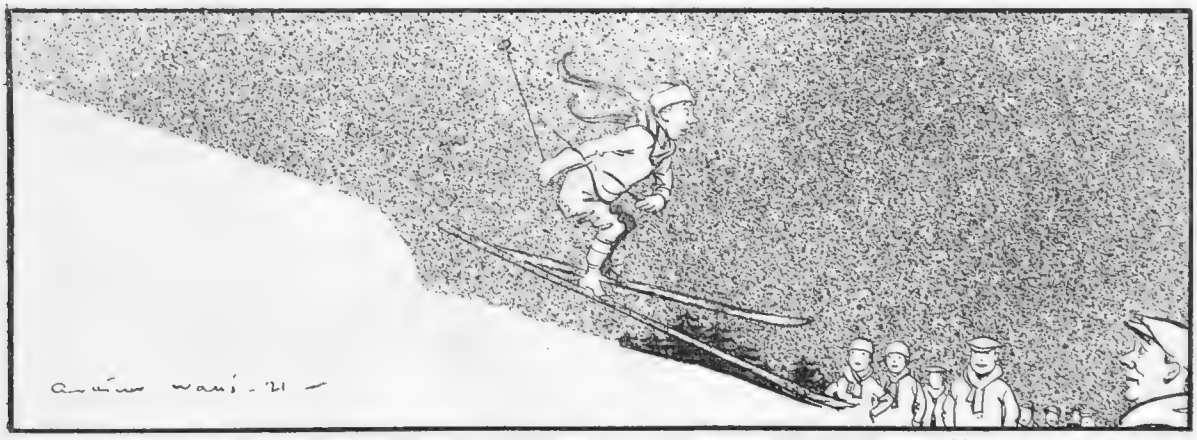
(Continued on page 44)

Photograph AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB MATCH *Sport and General*

A new feature in club Rugby football was the match at Blackheath on Boxing Day between the Racing Club de France (the leading French club) and Blackheath, which was won by Blackheath after a fine game, which was greatly enjoyed by a large gathering of onlookers, by two goals to a try. In the picture H. Coverdale, the Blackheath half-back is seen starting a dribbling attack

Your First Jump

As it Seems to You—



BY ARTHUR WATTS

—And to Your Friends

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

teams to London to fulfil their engagements with Middlesex and Surrey. There is always keen rivalry in county hockey between the North and the South, and on this occasion the honours as between North and South were easy, and in attack they appeared to be lacking in finishing power.

Photograph *Central News*

ICE HOCKEY AT MÜRREN: THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM

The Ice Hockey Match between Oxford and Cambridge at Mürren last Thursday ended in a draw after extra time had been played, and thus another event was added to the list of the Inter 'Varsity contests in which Cambridge, although favourites, have failed to win. Left to right, back row: A. Barbeg, R. C. Fordham, L. C. M. Gosling. Front row: V. B. Burns, S. F. Jordan, J. C. Anderson (Capt.), J. E. Ryan

LAWN TENNIS

America's Davis Cup Victory

PRIOR to last week America had made three attempts—in 1908, for the two Northern Counties both beat Middlesex, but were both beaten by Surrey, who, captained by the evergreen Shoveller, proved themselves to be a thoroughly well-balanced side, equally strong in defence and in attack. Middlesex, on the other hand, though a strong team on paper, were somewhat disappointing. Their defence was rather weak, although M. L. Poole in goal performed prodigies of valour, 1909, and 1911—to carry home the Davis Cup from Australasia, and each one had failed. It was thought that at the fourth essay the spell would very possibly be broken, for Tilden and Johnston are names to conjure with in lawn tennis just now, and according to the book they were likely to prevail over Brookes and Patterson, especially as they had shown when over here that, unlike many of their countrymen who had preceded them, they can play as well when abroad as they can when at home. But I doubt whether anyone was prepared for the almost tragic defeat of Patterson.

Patterson's Downfall

AT Wimbledon last July we saw him beaten in the challenge round of the Singles Championship by Tilden, and beaten so thoroughly that, remembering his dazzling feats of 1919 (when, amongst other things, he established a record by winning the Championship at his first attempt), we felt that the form was too bad to be true. Colour was given to this belief by what he did on his return to Australia. Judging by the results of his matches against the strongest of his compatriots he seemed to have recovered his form completely, nor was there any doubt that, as in 1919, he would be Australasia's first string.

A Contrast

AND yet another *débâcle* was in store for him. His defeat by Johnston (whom he had nearly beaten the year before on his first visit to America) was one of the most crushing ever witnessed in a Davis Cup challenge match, and there seems to be no getting away from the fact that he played really badly or that the vulnerable spot, his backhand, which was revealed in his match with Tilden at Wimbledon, was more vulnerable than ever. On the other hand, Brookes' display against Tilden was wonderful for a man of his years. He is forty-four, and played his first Davis Cup match fifteen years ago.

H. S. S.

Photograph *Sport and General*

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE v. CORNELL: THE TEAMS AT THE STARTING POINT

This Cross-Country race was held at Roehampton last Thursday. Cornell, who are the University Cross-Country Champions of America, entered upon the contest in a thoroughly sporting spirit; they only arrived in this country a week ago and consequently had little preparation. They were nevertheless only beaten by 26 points to 29. N. A. McInnes, of Oxford, who ran a splendid race and finished first is seen fourth from the left with his arms crossed

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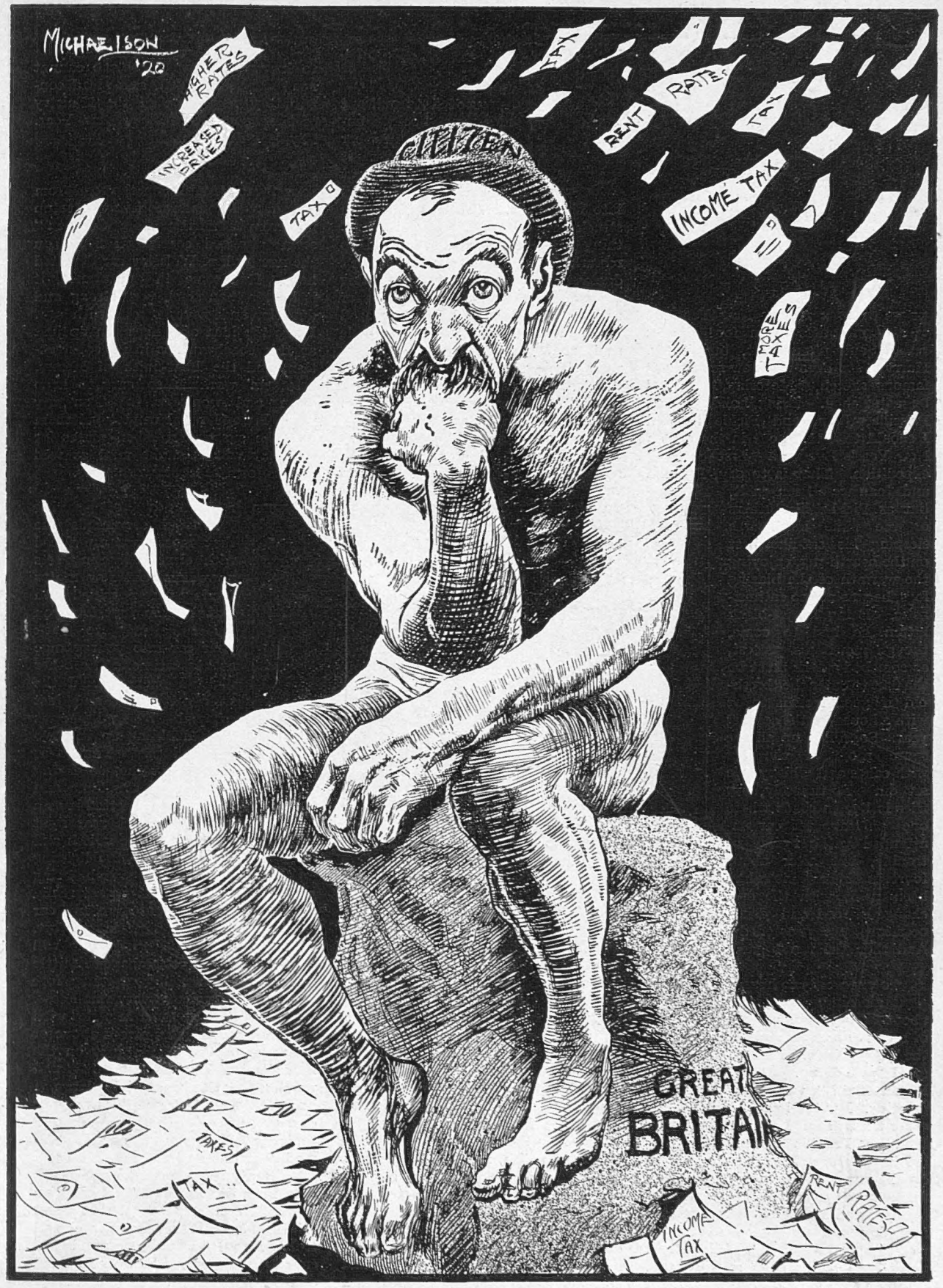
Wrapt in Thought

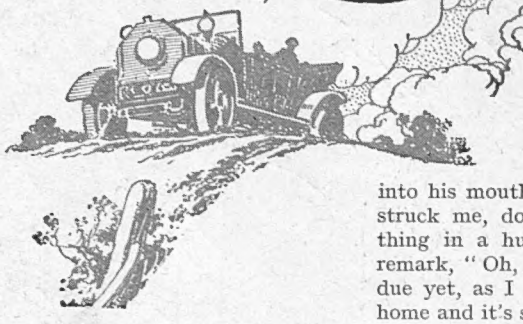


BY HARRY MICHAELSON

"WELL, ANYWAY, I'VE STILL GOT MY HAT"

With apologies to the famous statue by Rodin)

Motoring & Aviation



WHAT a Happy New Year we motorists are in for! P'raps and p'raps not, but if Mr. Harry Tate does not now rewrite his famous sketch, "Motoring," I shall be astonished. Being holiday time, Priscilla, Joan, and Pickle insisted I should take them out in the car on New Year's Eve on a "first-footing" expedition. That is to say, Priscilla and Joan were keen on it, but as Pickle, like others of the male kind, was sleeping his cat-like best on the hearth-rug, enjoying the warmth of the blazing logs, he was not so enthusiastic. Being a jet-black kitten he had to come, though mewing a protest, as somebody dark must be the first to enter the threshold if good luck is to be with a house for the coming year. So, filling up all the spare room in the car with cakes and whisky, we set off. Fortunately, our friends live in roads where one can leave the car unattended without fear of trouble, but after about fourteen different visits had been paid, with the customary exchange of food and drinks on such occasions, we proceeded homeward. And then the fun began.

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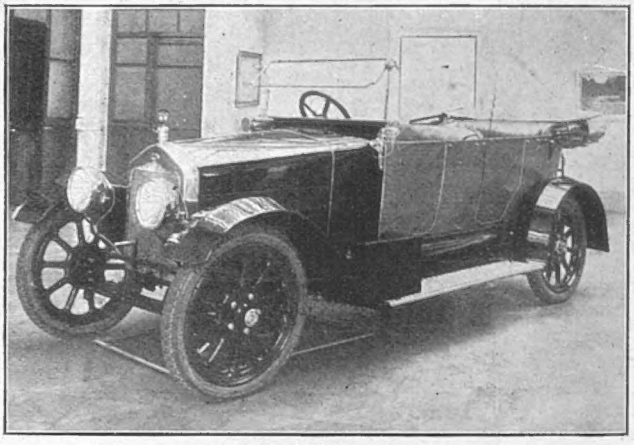
NO one wants to hurry in the early morning, so we jogged along at about twenty miles an hour, when out of a clump of trees and shadows came the "boy in blue." His lantern flashed, so I pulled up. "Where's your licence-card?" was his New Year's greeting. For the love of Mike or any other titular saint I couldn't have told him, so Priscilla said, "It's your driving licence he wants, daddy." So I unwound my woollen scarf, unbuttoned my overcoat and my leather windshield and chest-protector and dug out of my waistcoat the well-thumbed booklet. "Well, I might as well see yer licence," says the cop. "But where's yer licence-card for the car, and why isn't it visible from the near side?" says he, as he proceeded to pull out his notebook, unhitched the rubber band that kept it together, and put the tip of the pencil into his mouth. A bright idea then struck me, don't let him write anything in a hurry, so I ventured to remark, "Oh, officer, my licence isn't due yet, as I am only just returning home and it's still December 31, as far as I am concerned, I haven't finished the night yet," and Joan, good little soul, as bright as the stars above were shining, broke in with, "Yes, daddy, I thought you wanted another drink," and produced the bottle. Well, between nips and bits of cake Q.P. 739 and I argued whether it was to-day or yesterday after he had replaced his threatening notebook into the tail of his coat in order to have both hands free to tackle the subject under discussion. I left him munching with both hands still filled.



WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN"
Fitted with touring body, built of "Consutu" sewn plywood by S. E. Saunders, Ltd., East Cowes

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BUT the horrors of what is going to happen if the mud smothers your back or front number-plate fairly got on my nerves the next day when another constable signalled me to stop. I wondered what was the matter, for I had paid the £1 per h.p. tax, and the blue card, stuck in a Smith *de luxe* holder, faced him boldly. Being New Year's Day the car had had a special wash and polish, mother had her best hat on, and the girls had stopped chattering as the butterscotch was being well assimilated, but I had forgotten all about the slush. Out came the beastly notebook, into his mouth went the pencil, and name and address, driving licence, licence-card number were all duly recorded. When I appear before the Bench I shall want to know why our £8,000,000 cannot keep the roads clean, and plead contributory negligence of the Ministry of Transport. A Happy New Year. M'yes, I don't think.

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ANYWAY, troubles on the road from over-zealous authorities won't stop me from admiring the "Consutu" sewn plywood coachwork fitted on the new 15 h.p. Wolseley car depicted here. Handsome in appearance, it is lighter than steel, very strong and durable, and never creaks with age. I like the idea of being sewn up just as this coachwork is in its construction, and the boat-finish of Messrs. Saunders' work is so easy to keep clean and won't rust. 'Pon my word, I wonder if I cannot get them to make a set of number-plates for me that will defy the mud as well as this form of coachwork does.

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TALKING of saving trouble reminds me that most cars are fitted with electric lighting sets nowadays, but few motor carriages are provided with a rear lamp that lets you see sufficiently to back your car into your garage at night time. The other night I nearly biffed the wall getting in and just escaped by millimetres from doubling up the two rear wings. That was enough for me, so I dug out a spare side-lamp and a bracket and fitted it as a pendant to the rear light with a separate switch and connection to the lighting circuit, the switch being on the dashboard, and now I really can see how to manœuvre my car backwards at night-time in comfort. Any small torpedo-shaped lamp will do, and if you cannot manage this little electrical job yourself your garage folk will do it for you at a very small cost. I think it might be run in series with the tail lamp, that is, placed above or below it, instead of fixing it on the near side as I have done, but it is well worth fitting this back-driving lamp. I know that some folk grumble at garage charges, but I seldom have found them too high, and if any London readers cannot find a dealer to do this job cheaply for them, if he or she will drop me a line at this office I can give them the names of several that won't rob them and yet do the work well and truly. Also, I know quite a number of equally good garages all over England and Scotland, so I can make the same offer to all motorists wherever they dwell.

OLD HY.